

Le Morte D'Hamster

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Summary: The Ham-Hams decide to steal a farmer's veggies. What will happen when the farmer finds out?

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It was a sunny day in June, that fateful day. The Ham-Ham clubhouse had long since moved to a new location—namely, under a small farm in Georgia (the state in the USA, not the country.). Here, Hamtaro and his fun-loving friends stole vegetables from the farmer who lived there without him noticing.

Until that fateful day.

Hamtaro and his friends were sitting at the table, eating lettuce. Boss laughed. "Oh, gee, Hamtaro, this is good lettuce," he said.

"Yes, it is, Boss," Hamtaro replied.

"Blood, death, and pwnage," Snoozer sighed. Snoozer was the only Ham-Ham not at the table.

"What's with him?" Pashmina enquired.

However, she was cut off by an odd clicking sound outside the door. "What was that?" everyone asked at the same time.

"I'll go check," stated Cappy, who was wearing a green beret on this fateful day. He boldly ventured from his seat.

And then there was an odd thump at the door. How odd, thought Cappy. He walked up to the door, placing his hand on the knob.

And then thunder struck. Everyone heard a cataclysmic roar. They all

ducked instinctively, putting their heads to the floor. When they looked up, Cappy and the door were gone, in their place, the Ham-Hams saw a hollow metal tube, pointing at them.

If they had been looking up, they would have seen Cappy torn apart in an explosion of entrails and crimson miasma. Cappy's brains were splattered all across the rear wall. A bit of an arm was hanging from the chandelier. The rest of Cappy was a puddle of blood and shredded guts on the floor. The door had been shattered, adding sawdust and splinters to the gory pool.

The Ham-Hams saw the sight and gasped in fear. The tube lifted. Some of the Ham-Hams sought cover, but there was none. Some hid up against the walls, trying to escape the tube that had seemingly vaporized Cappy. The rest remained at the table, paralyzed by fear. They heard a sliding, then two clicks. The tube appeared, once more in the door. Bijou screamed.

And then, another thunderclap. It was like a wind of death incarnated inside the Ham-Ham clubhouse. Small shards of metal, propelled by an unseen force, ripped through the room. The horrors, it seemed, were about to get much, much worse.

Bijou stopped screaming, all of a sudden. One piece of shot penetrated her shoulder, separating her arm from her body. Another piece ripped apart her torso and neck, leaving her head barely attached by a small piece of flesh. Not for long, though. The final piece of metal to wrack her body blew off her head. Blood sprayed all over the Ham-Ham standing behind her.

That Ham-Ham was Howdy. He died painlessly, a shot passing through his eye to pierce his brain. His carcass slowly fell over backwards, and his eye squirted out blood like in a bad Quentin Tarantino movie.

Pashmina and Penelope caught the brunt of the blast. Their bodies were rent apart like when you place a Backstreet Boy in a wood chipper. The remnants of their bodies were splattered against the wall, forming a moist and revolting mosaic of hamster victuals. At least they died together.

Dexter was fortunate, in a sense. He was not slain by the blast. He dove to the side, seeking cover, landing on his face. The impact shattered his glasses, sending the sharp shards scything through his face. His head was cleft into numerous pieces, only slightly resembling the aftermath of a hamster's placement in a sausage grinder.

Maxwell, ever prudent, had taken cover by the doorway. Ever curious, however, he had walked into the tube after the metal spewed from it. There, however, had been a lot of residual heat inside, and his body inflated and exploded like uncovered mashed potatoes in the microwave.

The tube drew back once more, and the 'click, slide, click' was easily audible. Now, only Hamtaro, Boss, Snoozer, Oxnard, Stan, Sandy, and Panda were left.

And then, the dread tube appeared once again. "Wait," Boss said, walking in front of it. "Let me talk to him." The roar sounded once

more. Boss' body seemed to disintegrate. Not even his helmet survived. Panda, ever Boss' loyal lackey, stood behind Boss even to the end. He had no regrets as the metal shards tore through his body, separating him into seventeen Panda-pieces.

Stan and Sandy died in almost the same way. Both lost a leg before the pure force of the blast knocked them back and snapped their hamster necks. Still, at least they had died relatively painlessly before the metal storm turned their corpses into gory messes that would've made suitable oatmeal for miniature vultures, if such creatures existed.

Oxnard's death was, in a sense, ironic. A piece of metal glanced off his sunflower seed, knocking it into his mouth. However, deprived of the ability to chew, he began choking quite violently. He turned blue, then began coughing first bile, then blood, then organs. He then turned pale white and fell to the ground, quite dead.

And then only Hamtaro and Snoozer were left as the pipe departed. The room was covered in blood and remains.

Suddenly, the room shook. A shovel dug through the top of the clubhouse, scooping away the room's roof.

There was a fat man, wearing a red hunter's cap and blue overalls. He did not appear to have a shirt on.

"Shee-oot, ya' varmints!" he shouted. "You thought y'all could git away with stealin' mah veggies! Weeeell, y'all couldn't fool Fat Cleebus so right easy! I gots ya, and I gots my revengies, too!"

The fat redneck, holding a shotgun and shovel, bent down to scrutinize the hole even more.

"Well, shee-oot!" he said. "I'll be dad-gummed! There's two'n'ya left alive!" He threw his tools aside, then picked up the small rodents. He lifted Snoozer high, then viciously bit off the sleeping hamster's head, teeth crushing bone and scything through flesh. He threw away the body, then tossed it aside. He chewed the head for a bit, then spat it out.

"Mah," he said. "Raw, y'all dun' taste right fine." He turned to Hamtaro, then said in a low voice, "So I'm puttin' yer in mah Cuisinart an' then throw'n ya' int'er my mornin' meal!"

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